of iniquity than are to be found in any previous age of the world's history.

All classes of men bear, if we but narrowly examine them, the traces of their common lineage. You may discover them to belong to the race by their sins and passions, as well as by their bodily frames and common features. This common nature breaks forth and exhibits itself in each individual. The fond mother, as she rocks her child to rest on her bosom, or plays herself with its playfulness, is tempted to think that one so engaging can never be torn by wild passions. Yet it is most certain, that this child will no sooner begin to act as a moral and responsible being, than it will show an evil heart. That child, grown up to youth, and engrossed with the objective world as it dances before the eye, and seldom looking down into the dark subjective, is just as unaware as the mother was of the wickedness slumbering within, till perhaps it has carried him to a lengthrat which he sees how far he is, from innocence, but feels that retreat is cut off, and that there is nothing for him but to advance.

The remedy for such evils, in order to be effectual, must be a universal remedy, admitting of application to all ranks of men and stages of society, to poor and rich, savage and civilized. If one of these classes requires it, it can be shown, by a like reason, that all the others require it. Society, as it advances, opens up more exquisite pleasures, but it brings, too, more exquisite pains; it multiplies enjoyment, but it multiplies sorrow also ; it kindles hopes, but it often quenches them amidst fearful anguish. Our readers may be reminded of that fine passage in which Burke speaks of the pity which we should feel for the " distresses of the miserable great/' and the " fat stupidity and gross ignorance concerning what imports men most to know, which prevails at courts, and at the head of armies, and in

senates, as much as at the loom and in the field."

They, too, are among the unhappy. They feel personal pain and domestic sorrow. In these they have no privilege, but are subject to pay their full contingent to the contributions levied on mortality. They want this sovereign balm under their gnawing cares and anxieties, which, being less conversant about the limited wants of animal life, range without limit, and are diversified by infinite combinations in the wild and unbounded regions of imagination.